
Title: Danny Boy

Author: Silent Poet

Oh Danny boy, the pipes,
the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and
down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and
all the flowers are dying
'tis you, 'tis you must go
and I must bide.

But come you back when
summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's
hushed and white with
snow
'tis I'll be there in
sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny
boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all
the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I
well may be
You'll come and find the
place where I am lying
And kneel and say an
"Ave" there for me.

And I shall hear, tho'
soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will
warm and sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell
me that you love me
I simply sleep in peace
until you come to me.